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Coraddi



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Coraddi

Spring 1994
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Cover: **Justine Clotfelter:** *Ikat #33*, weaving

Title Page: **Roger Jones:** *Holding Your Fate*, etching and aquatint



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John DeKraker: *Monument to the Changing Forest*, fallen trees



Jon Smith: *Untitled*, wood and metal



Beth Aronson: *Self-Portrait*, charcoal



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Brian Fricks, Sheree Allen, Mark Walter, Blythe Dyson:
What's Hiding Under Your Bed?, acrylic and tempera on masonite

**Breakfast Comes Faster
(On the Last Day of the Earth)**
C.M. Turner III

When the ceiling
falls
and the angels surrender
and the great world is
no longer yours—
don't cry, Chloe.
But with blank
face admiration
try to set it right.
Sip coffee slowly
and read the morning
news without flinching.
Flip through pages
motionless.
Think about investing
that money you've been
saving.
Pick up the phone and
call news stations,
not to ask
about reports and warnings,
but to find out
the weather next Tuesday.
Or when the right
time would be
for planting those fragile
flowers of spring.



Terry Jones: Red and Gold Pears, watercolor

Silent Apology

Gregg Carroll

I knew how you would sit indian-style
in the corner of your bed in your drab
and cluttered dorm, on your multi-colored
floral comforter that kind of matched
the bathing suit you had worn
at the beach-house in August.
You told me winter had come
early and your school was layered
with snow and ice in a bland
expression of nature and seasons.
I'd never known you to be listless
but you were morning sick and scared
and cramps kept you home from the parties.
I did not have to see you when
the home test turned blue
and my absence made it a lie.
But when you called me, crying
and we spoke of your pain
and your ordeal of miscarriage
I could see you knew no lies.
This weekend when you came home
the careless wind rustled leaves
as we picked pumpkins and went wine
tasting on eastern Long Island.
The freshness of your face
was not changed by the half
smiles of blame that I imagined
and like a cat walking through wet
grass we slipped through delicate
conversations, crowded with regret.
I held you on my porch as close
as I could, as if to smother mistakes
that I'd never seen, so I would
not have to face them with words.

Present Tense

Jeff Richey

You, arranging a room, or a shelf:
Hands move among books and bric-a-brac.
Gods dip into dust, and out comes

nothing that lives for more
than a renewed afternoon's quiet,
an ordered morning before noonward ascent.

You learn how to defer
next week's rage for order,
thawing knowledge of the eventual, inevitable

return to dust, disorder, dis-ease.
Nothing stacked so neatly
can stand forever still.

Your hands themselves cannot escape
the artist's eye, the restless scrutiny.
Cuts heal, calluses one day wear away--

These wrinkles remain
when you clench your fist,
when you let down your forehead.

They are carved deeper than your carver's mind.
They grow out of your bones.
You did not etch them there.

These lines, books, things set down by your life—
They do not deign to know calm selective hands.
They know no alternatives, no more appropriate placement.

You, bundle of clutter and wrinkle, now undone:

Books stay unbalanced. Stacks topple and fall.
No careful hands cover their mouths.
Today, no one stops up their song.



Gene Preble: Video Stills from the Video "Moonflower"





Adele Deaton: *Untitled*, photo collage



Jon Smith: *Holy Bridge*, steel and iron



Jon Smith: *Untitled*, wood and metal



J.J. Rudisill: *St. Sebastian*, acrylic on masonite



J.J. Rudisill: *The Odd Consequences of a Country in Trouble,
or Loco Americana*, acrylic on masonite



J.J. Rudisill: *Girls*, acrylic on masonite



Tom Saitta: *Separation*, photograph



Tom Saitta: *Untitled*, photograph

Nymph

Audre Lorde

Once
I was immortal beside an Ocean—
Having the names of Night—
And the first men came
With a sledge of fire
Driving the sun.
I was brought forth in the moon-pit of a virgin
Condemned to light
To a dry world's endless mornings
Blazing the moon away.
And the hot noon spoke
In a fiery voice
Branding me choice, and sane.
Perhaps I fled,
Seeking some new road home—
But morning had fingered the harrowing rivers
To nest in the dried-out, sparkling
Bed of my mother-sea.

Time
Drove the moon down to crescent
And they found me
Mortal
Beside a moon's-crater
Mouthing
The ocean-names of Night.

Reprinted from Coraddi Arts Forum Issue, March 1959



Andrew Dunnill: *Untitled*, steel

“Generosity of Intent”: An interview with Sculptor Andrew Dunnill Conducted by Matthew Curtis

Originally from England, Andrew Dunnill recently joined the art faculty at UNCG, where he currently teaches sculpture. He completed his undergraduate degree at West Surrey College of Art in England, and received his Master of Fine Arts at The University of Maryland. For the past few years, Dunnill resided in New York City where he assisted internationally known sculptor Mark DiSuvero, and produced his own works.

Coraddi: What made you decide to move here from England, in terms of making art?

Andrew Dunnill: I first came here about 5 or 6 years ago as an undergraduate student to New York City, where I assisted one of my sculpture teachers in building a piece at Socrates Sculpture Park. Later, I was to end up working there, and I fell in love with New York, intimately. It was a case of . . . I responded to the rawness of it, the energy of it, the speed and the density, I think.

C: The city itself?

AD: The city itself, being so packed and so incredibly violent. There was a lot of tension where I was working. It was also very rich—there were a lot of

museums, a lot of art, everything . . . just stimulation.

C: And you were assisting someone?

AD: Yes, I was helping Dave King, the British sculptor, build a piece in Queens for something like a five-week period. When I finished that, I went back to England to complete my degree. I decided right then and there, getting off the plane, that I was going to return to New York, which I did.

C: So, how long was it before you came back again?

AD: I finished my degree at West Surrey College of Art and Design and came back to the United States about one year later. I did my M.F.A. at the University of Maryland and I was living in Washington, D.C.

C: Did your work change at all when you made that transition to the States, that change of energy, change of intensity?

AD: Yes, my work changed partly in its scale, certainly in its imagery, and in the materials I was using. One of the reasons I came over here from England is that there's a lot of good sculpture going on in England, particularly right now. But British sculpture, to me, has a very domestic feel to it, a very domestic sense of scale.

C: An "around the house" sort of size?

AD: That sort of scale, but I think it's very intelligent work. England is a small country and has a deep sense of overlay in terms of its culture and its history. Quite fascinating, but also quite stifling, I've found. I think that British people tend to be a bit more reserved. I was drawn to the energy, the scale, and the generosity of artists like Serra and DiSuvero, and Alice Aycock in the States. I still respond to British sculptors. I think Tony Cragg, Allison Wilding, and Anthony Gormley are all good sculptors. But my sensibility really lies in American art, and I function better here. When I get off a plane in England, I feel as though the sky is three inches from the top of my head. When I come back here, the sky is large. It's as if you can have a large vision here. That doesn't mean making big things, but the generosity of intent. C: So it's not only the social atmosphere, but the physical atmosphere, too?

AD: The United States is a big country and it has that feeling. Even in a place as compact and busy as New York City one still has room to think. It's also a young culture, in contrast with the U.K. There's a lot more interest in the arts over here, and American artists have a sense of camaraderie. People respect each other's work, they help each other with building pieces and getting shows, with just getting along. I really respond to that. And you don't really find that same sort of thing in England.

C: About your work . . . what good elements, particular changes, or ways of working have come about since you came here?

AD: Well, you have to understand that when I was in England, I was still an undergraduate student, working through ideas of precariousness—shifting scale. I was sort of making metaphors, self-portraits, using objects and different positions. And toppling ideas, playing games with making things that aren't heavy, but look heavy—really just seeing what the materials would do, and seeing how well I could handle form.

C: Were you working as much in steel when you were in England?

AD: No, not at all. I was working in wood, fiber-glass, concrete, and casting metal, as much as I could get my hands on. I think that it's important to explore materials and how they lend themselves to certain ideas and certain types of sculpture, to cover a range. Then you can get selective. I made a realization at the end of graduate school with that piece right there [points to a sculpture] . . . there was a density that just sort of clicked. There was something about the way that existed in space, how it absorbed space, that has led to the past three years work. The shift into steel—I wanted to cast iron, but I didn't have a foundry to do that with.. I was working with Mark DiSuvero in New York, and I knew there would be steel around. I hadn't worked with steel that much, but I knew that it

could be dense and have the sort of qualities in space that I was looking for, so I just adopted *that*. We were discussing my vision one night, and he gave me some steel, which sort of opened the door. It was a thick plate, and from there I just started to play with it to figure out what steel is all about. Now, it's become quite a passion—it's just the vehicle that I need right now.

C: Because it has that density and weight?

AD: Yes, and I find it a really interesting substance in that you can put it together in so many different ways. It lends itself to invention, and it has a particular presence. Using steel is very like drawing for me. When I use a cutting torch, it is perhaps like using a pencil and paper. I'm drawing on a sheet of steel, and then making these sculptures exist in three dimensions by welding or bolting them.

C: Are you getting a lot of energy out of the process of making your work?

AD: The process is just a means to the end, just the activity of making. Naturally, it's playful and often spontaneous. I never plan anything . . . I never draw a sculpture before I make it. I just have a pile of stuff and an idea, and I make it. I start drawings in the same way. Drawings are immediate, they're ideas, often in sketchbooks. They can be taken and re-worked, but it's a completely direct process.

C: Do you do drawings of sculpture you've already made?

AD: No. I don't draw the sculptures after the fact—I have a mental note of what they are, I remember them in essence.

C: How would you describe their essence?

AD: I make sculptures implode into themselves. I think that these [points to sculptures] are black holes.

C: Parts going into themselves?

AD: Well, for example, someone said that it's as if a magnet pulled that stuff together into a big piece [points], they just flew across the room and clanged together, *gelled* it into a sculpture. Other pieces are just simply very dense, very stable. Others are very volatile. They seem to have potential to do more, and there's a lot of tension. They're very compact. Some are more subtle, some more essential. Some pieces are a bit more dynamic, and they all sit in a very deliberate way. The images, the source of the images, all depends on what I'm looking at. I'll go look around old buildings, I'll sit down by the East River and watch tug boats. I'll watch bulldozers, or climb between architecture. The images come from all sorts of places, and you can't necessarily pin that down in the work. There are no specifics, it just comes from living.

C: You have to stay open to all creative sources?

AD: There's a big world out there, and you just have to respond to it and allow it to filter through you. I think of myself as a vehicle—hand, brain, a body that

puts these together. When I'm wrestling with the metal, it's like seeing with your hands. It's not necessarily a conscious visual aesthetic decision-making process, it's in fact capturing the essence of something from somewhere very deep, and then you come out the other side, where you're left with something that has a form and an appearance, but that appearance wasn't necessarily the initial intent. That's just what it looks like, it just came out of the activity. That's not random. It was considered—there are times when you step back and make a decision, then you dive in again.

C: Perhaps you might say something about teaching here, at UNCG. Do you have any goals for what you want to do with students or for the department?

AD: I think it's a collective goal. Billy Lee and Pat Wasserboehr and myself work together fairly closely, and we have ambitions to bring the department up to date in terms of contemporary sculpture, what's happening now. I'd like to get people down from New York, more visiting artists, and I'd love to get them to put works out on campus. We're going to be developing new programs in sculpture: Pat Wasserboehr wants to initiate a stone-carving program and a wood-carving program. We're always looking for ways to improve: getting videos in, a library of current work. The Student Art Alliance seems to be

getting back on its feet again, and it would be great to work with them to get up to Washington, D.C. or New York for some shows. Although I haven't had the time yet, I'm interested in initiating international exchange programs between students and faculty, perhaps to England. All of these things are in the pipeline. I do want to get a dialogue going. I want students and faculty to converse with one another. I think that's what our school is all about.

C: Is there anything specific in working with your students, your approach?

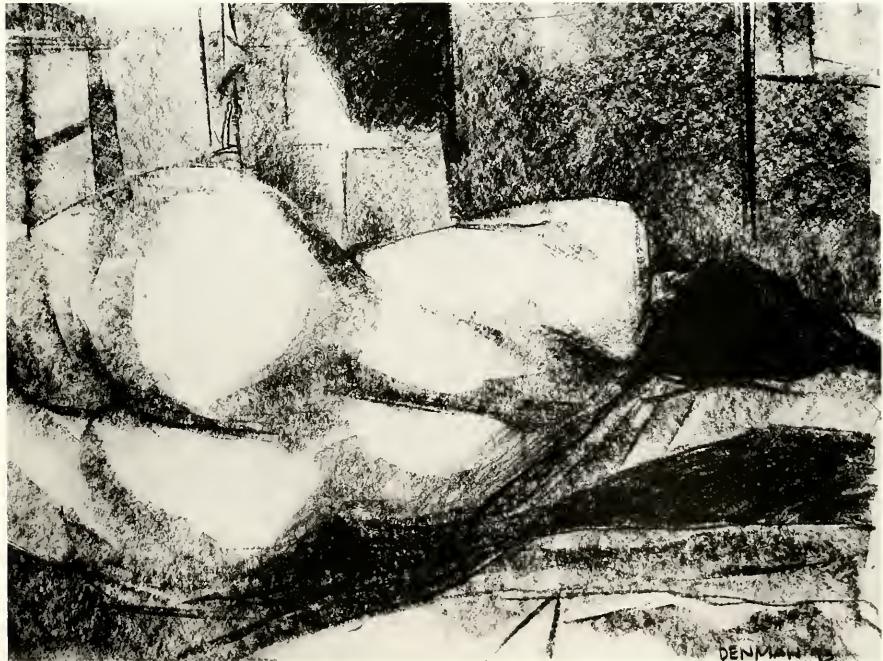
AD: Different people and different stages require different things from me, and I expect to help them in different ways. I want to help young people who are interested in becoming artists do so. Everybody has their own unique perception of the world and everybody is absolutely different. I'm interested in helping them realize who they are, what they're about, what their work is about, and what their vision is. That's what being an artist is.



Andrew Dunnill: *Knuckle*, steel



Beth Aronson: *Self-portrait*, lithograph



Denman Wall: *Form*, charcoal



Christine Mierisch: *Untitled*, colored photograph



Monica Rief: *Light As Mood*, photograph

Reflections in a Bloodstone Ring

James Dickey

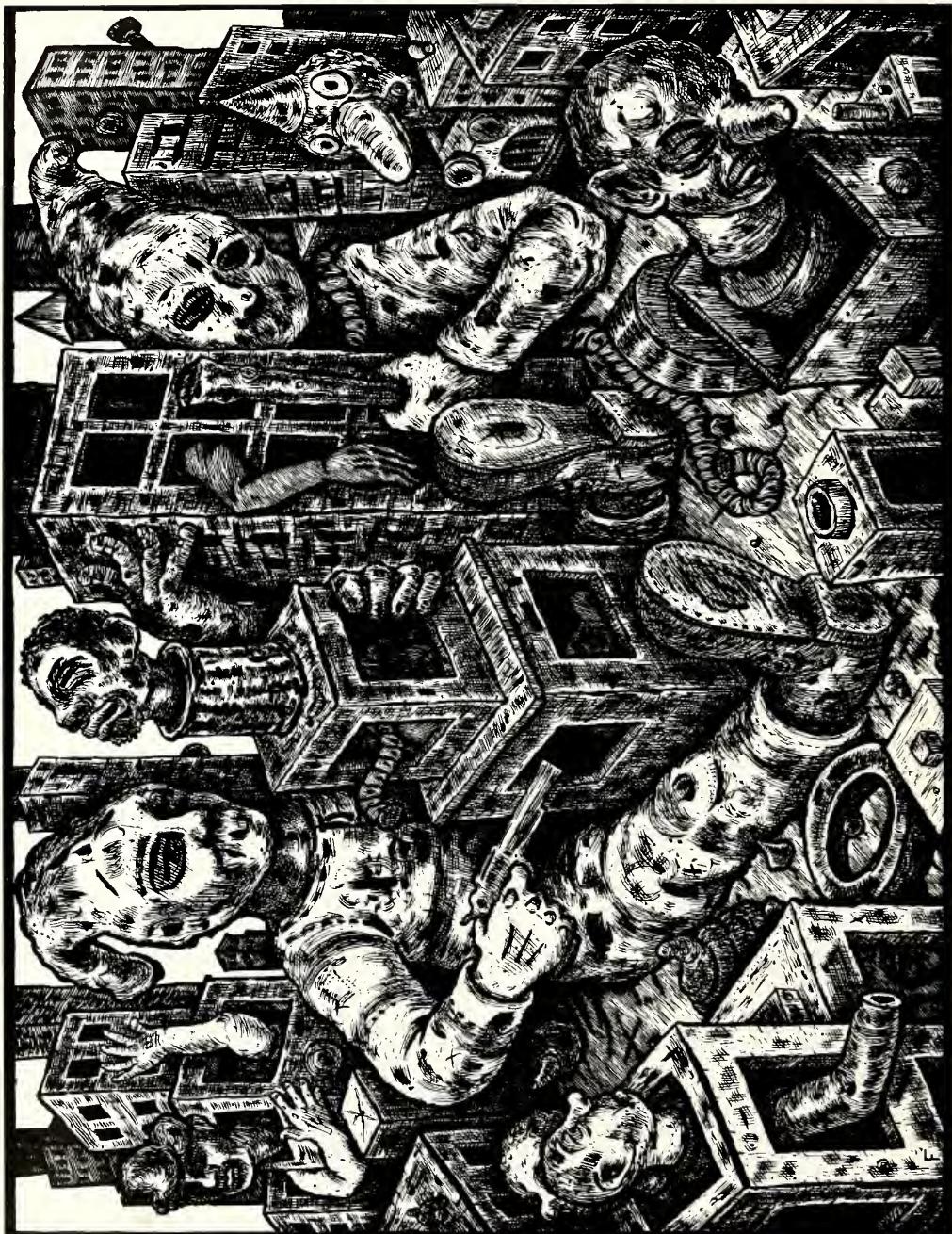
This moveless anonymous sector,
Seagarnished and vein-flecked, grows past the shade
And rapt insouciance of classic head, and holds
The chaliced face in structures of regret.
The darkling eye, thrust through supernal screen
Or window in the hovering fog of breath,
Stands open to the winter of the will
Or climbs carved rungs of spine to find its end.

A fatal process, like beckoning to the blind,
Bends blood and ivy round a sunless glen.
Death's diamond delves the socket of the rose,
And perfect love subsists without a kiss.

Reprinted from Coraddi Arts Forum Issue, March 1948,
where it appeared under the name Jim Dickey



Doug Faulmann: *Untitled*, oil on board



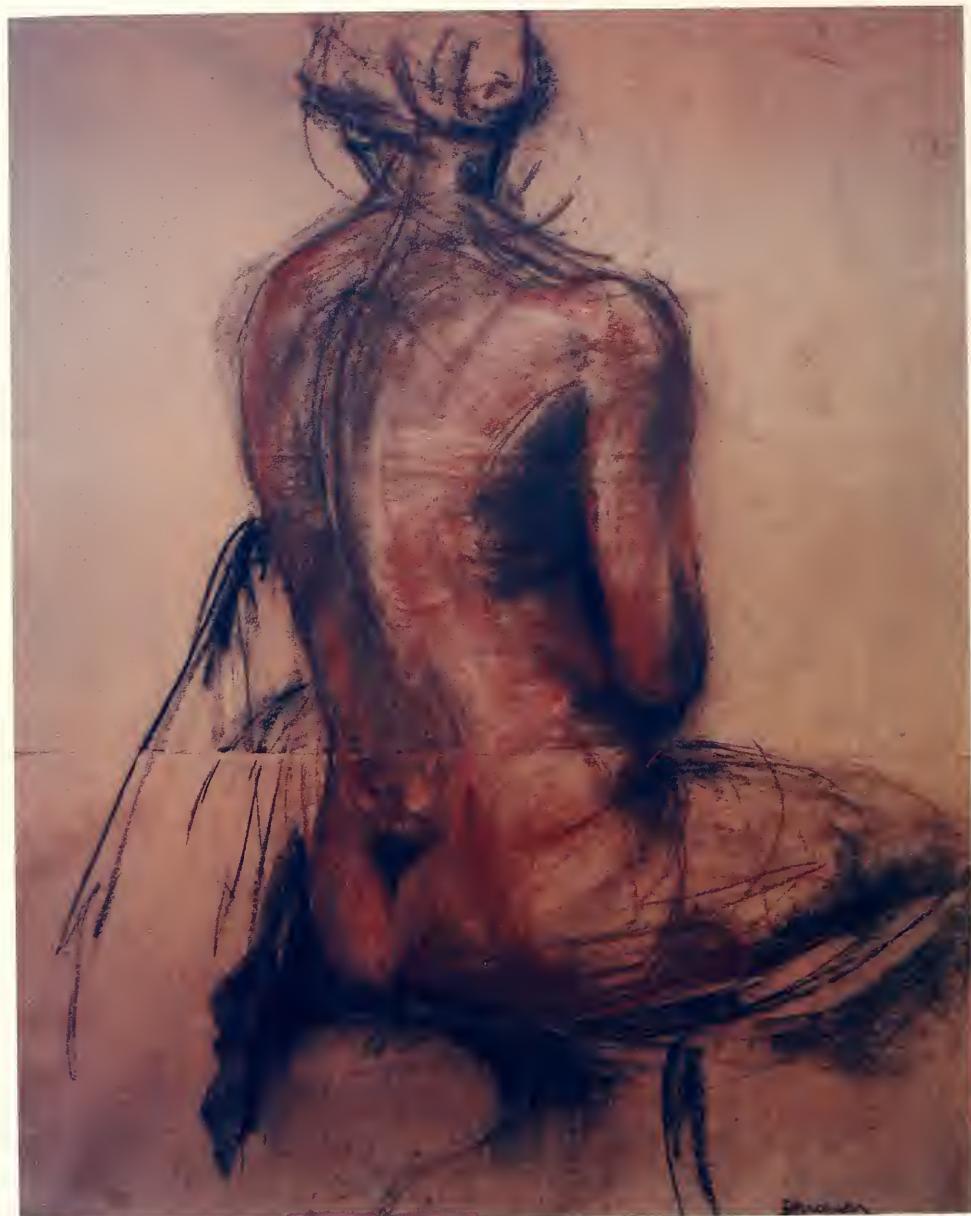
Bill Fick: *Boys in Hoods*, linocut

About the Judge

Spring 1994

Bill Fick

Bill Fick earned his B.A. at Duke University and an M.F.A. at The University of North Carolina at Greensboro. In 1990, he received the UNC-Greensboro Chancellor's Award and in 1991 the First Place Purchase Award at the Davidson Print Exhibition. His awards for 1993 include a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship Grant and a Merit Award at the 21st Annual Competition for North Carolina Artists, Fayetteville Museum of Art. He has taught at Davidson County Community College, Guilford College, and The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. His numerous exhibitions include the Govinda Gallery in Washington, D.C., the Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art (SECCA) in Winston-Salem, and the Lilly Library Gallery at Duke University. Among the group exhibitions in which he has participated are *The Artist as Activist*, in the Milton Rhodes Gallery at the Sawtooth Center for Visual Arts in Winston-Salem, *Off the Mall*, The Art Museum of the Americas, Organization of American States, Washington, D.C., *Hooligans, Fascists and Comedians*, Green Hill Center for North Carolina Art, Greensboro, *It's A Strange and Beautiful World*, Gallery 10 LTD., Washington, D.C., and *Saints and Religious Heroes* at the Weatherspoon Art Gallery. His work is included the collections of the Weatherspoon Art Gallery at UNC-Greensboro, Elon College, Bradley University, the New York Public Library, Guilford College, and the Jane Voorhees Zimmerli Art Museum at Rutgers University. Born in Lirik, Sumatra, Indonesia, he now resides in High Point, North Carolina.



Beth Aronson: *Untitled*, conte and charcoal

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